

DELL

SEPTEMBER

10¢

93 **ROY ROGERS**  
*and* **TRIGGER**



**IMPORTANT** SEE  
**DELL'S PLEDGE TO PARENTS**  
ON INSIDE FRONT COVER →



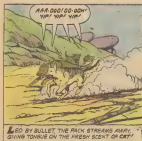
## *A Pledge to Parents*

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome juvenile entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our only credo and constant goal.

WELL PAT THERE ARE THE REST OF THE COUSAR HUNTERS.



DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS





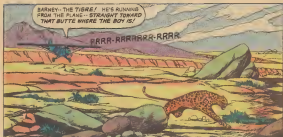


AN HOUR LATER, ON THE CANYON'S RIM...













**... AND LAUNCHES HIMSELF AT ROY, WHO HAS BARELY TIME TO THROW ANOTHER SHELL INTO THE FIRING CHAMBER!**



**THE SHOT IS POINT-BLANK -- AND FELS THE TIGER...**





# Roy Rogers

KING OF THE  
COWBOYS

and  
THE MAN FROM  
LONG AGO















HOW ABOUT IT, PAT?  
DO YOU WANT TO KEEP  
ON THIS RUDE WADIE'S TRAIL  
IN THE MORNING?

I SURE DO, RON!  
IF HE QUIT WITHOUT  
EVEN SAVING THE  
CRITTER, I'D HAVE  
NIGHTMARES ABOUT  
HIM THE REST OF  
MY LIFE!



NEXT DAY TOWARD NOON

MAN, OH MAN!  
WHAT USELESS  
COUNTRY! EVEN A  
LONGHORN COW  
WOULD STARVE  
HERE!



OH-OH! HERE'S  
HOW SURE WADIE HAD  
HIS HORSE TRACKS!



A BARKING DOG TO FIND THE  
HOOF - SO IT WOULDN'T LEAVE  
A MARK ON HARD GROUND!  
IT CAME LOOSE!

YES! IT'S  
RACED INSIDE  
WITH WILLOW  
BARK!

LATE IN THE AFTERNOON...



A BIG GULCH--  
GRASS AND WATER--A  
FEW HEADS OF STOCK!



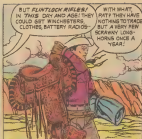














# BREED OF THE PIONEERS

## Razorback



Young Dovey Bard struggled out of the woodshed with an armful of kindling. Suddenly, he saw his father step out of the house with a rifle in his hand, a look of grim purpose on his rough-tewn face. And, in that moment, Dovey knew the bitter task that was in store for him.

Wordlessly, he stepped past his father and dropped his kindling on the kitchen floor. Then, he emerged into the scorching noon-day sun, lines of sorrow cutting deeply into his beardless young face. He followed his father's glance until his eyes came to rest on the old hound who lay in the shadow of the board fence.

"I tell you, Dovey," said Frank Bard, "we've got to do it. When a dog gets that old, he's no good for anything, and no good to himself. Can't run, can't hunt, and sick most half the time. I'd be a kindness to put him out of his misery."

Sick at heart, Dovey rapped his knuckles against the log wall of the house. "It just doesn't seem right, Pa, for old Blackie to go like that. Not Blackie. Not the kind of fighting dog he was."

Frank Bard's eyes were determined as he handed Dovey the rifle. "Yes, son, I know Blackie was a brave and faithful dog, a scrapper from the word go. That's just why I won't allow him to go on suffering like this. He deserves better from us, Dovey."

Silently, the boy took the gun and started toward the dog.

When Blackie saw Dovey walk toward him with a rifle, the old hound lurched heavily to his feet. That rifle meant only one thing to him—a hunt! Already he could almost scent the woodchuck, already his half-blind eyes saw the partridge on the wing.

"Come on, Blackie, let's go," said the boy.

In the ravine, a half mile from the house, Blackie caught the scent. At the sharp acid smell, his hackles rose and a growl thundered in his throat.

The sound of that growl made Dovey turn his head sharply. There was a sudden stirring in the bushes and then a loud grunt brought him to instant attention.

"Razorback," he muttered. "And me with only a single shot rifle." He knew all too well that a razorback bear could be very dangerous if he felt himself trapped.

And this razorback felt trapped. With a warning squeal, he crashed out of the brush. Startled, Dovey raised the rifle and fired. But his aim was bad. The bullet merely grazed the bear's hide! With a grunt of rage, he charged. And, in that instant, Dovey Bard faced death.

It was then that the half-blind hound spotted the razorback. At the sight of that tusked and evil visage Blackie's mighty heart leaped with the joy of the hunt. Here was the enemy in plain sight. With a hoarse yelp, he lumbered forward to cut off the bear's charge, but a slash of the tusks sent him tumbling. Once more the bear lurched toward his prime target, Dovey.

But Blackie had only begun to fight. Even as the bear passed him, he was on his feet again. In a flash, his jaws closed on the razorback's left hind leg. Age had worn Blackie's teeth down to the gums but those mighty jaws still had great strength. In their grip, the bear's leg snapped like match wood. With a roar, the bear spun around. Then he was off, into the brush, bellowing with pain.

As Dovey loped along home, Blackie at his side, he knew that Blackie had many battles before the final one would claim him.





"WELL, IT ALL BEGAN ONE DAY WHEN TOMMY WAS OUT FISHING NEAR LAKESIDE IN THE HILLS. HE NOTICED SOME CROWS DIVING AND HOLLERING AT SOMETHING, A LITTLE WAY OFF."

"WHEN HE GOT THERE, HE SAW NOTHING BUT THE BONES OF A COYOTE AND A COUPLE OF PUPS --- AND THE DOG WHERE A HUNTER HAD SHOT THEM OUT. THE CROWS TOOK OFF, HOLLERING."

--- AND, RIGHT AWAY, TOMMY ELDERS DID  
SOME THINGING!



THEN HE  
CRAWLED ON!



"SOMETHING ABOUT THE STARVED, LONESOME LITTLE ORPHAN TOOK HOLD OF TOMMY'S HEART!"



' ALL AT ONCE, HE KNEW HE COULDN'T LEAVE THE PUP --- NOT EVEN IF HE TRIED!'



" BUT HE HAD A BIG PROBLEM, ACH? "



"BY THE TIME HE'D GOT HOME, TOMMY HAD FIGURED OUT A PLAN HE HOPED WOULD WORK."



"AND BY THAT TIME, WHOSE THE COYOTE PUP, HAD GOT OVER BEING SCARED OF TOMMY."



"WHEN THE BOY SHOWED UP, HIS UNCLE NATE WAS AS GRUDGIFY AS USUAL."



"BUT TOMMY DIDN'T CARE! THINGS WERE WORKING OUT ALL RIGHT."



"AS QUICK AS HE'S FINISHED MILKING, HE POURED A LITTLE BUT OF THE MILK - DOWN THE SMALL HOLE IN THE BARN FLOOR."



"THE OLD SKILLET TOMMY HAD PUT THERE CAUGHT IT ALL..."



--- AND MIDGET DIDN'T WASTE A DROP!

BUT SHE SOLVED ONE OF TOMMY'S PROBLEMS HERSELF, ONE DAY! SHE PULLED HER COLLAR OFF OVER HER HEAD



"THE PUP GREW LIKE A WOOD ON HER HAMB-HEM DIET - AND SHE RETURNED TOMMY'S LOVE, LIKE ANY PUPPY WOULD HAVE DONE

--- AND KILLED A HEN, RIGHT OUTSIDE THE KITCHEN DOOR!"



"HATE ELDERS OUT LOOSE AT HER WITH HIS SHOTGUN--BUT HIS YELL HAD SENT HER SCOOTING FOR COVER! MIDGET ONLY CAUGHT PART OF A CHARGE, IN A WIND LEE

SHE NEVER CAME BACK! BUT ONCE IN A WHILE TOMMY WOULD CRAWL UNDER THE BARN TO LOOK AT HER OLD COLLAR AND CHAIN--- AND REMEMBER



"IT WAS TWO YEARS LATER THAT TOMMY'S HORSE LOST ITS FOOTING AND WENT OVER THE DEEP CANYON RIM



"MAYBE THIRTY HOURS AFTERWARDS, TOMMY WOKE UP, LYING ON A BUSHY SHELVE, HALFWAY DOWN THE CANYON-SIDE, WITH A BROKEN LEG AND SOME CRACKED RIBS--- AND A WARM, DAMP TONGUE LICKING HIS FACE



BUT TOMMY'S BIGGEST SURPRISE WAS STILL TO COME --- A FAT, FRESH-KILLED GROUSE!"



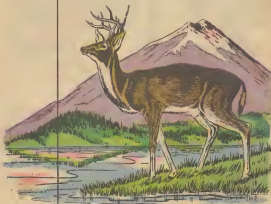
"IT WAS A WHOLE WEEK BEFORE ANYBODY SAW THE SMOKE OF TOMMY'S LITTLE FIRE---BUT MIDGET NEVER FAILED HIM EACH DAY SHE BROUGHT A RABBIT OR A BIRD---AND IT GAVE HIM STRENGTH TO LIVE!"



"BUT THE DAY WHEN HUMAN HELP CAME, MIDGET WAS MISSING! SHE HAD NO USE FOR OTHER MEN!"



## ANIMALS OF THE WEST



### THE MULE DEER

The big mule deer of the West can easily be distinguished from the white-tailed, or Virginia deer, which is common in the East. The whitetail has a big, bushy tail, the underside of which is a startling white. When he runs, he lifts the tail in the air, exposing its white underside like a flag.

The western mule deer has a large whitish rump patch, too, but the tip of the short tail is black. A fully grown mule deer buck carries magnificent antlers and sometimes weighs as much as 300 pounds. Only the bucks, or male deer, have antlers. The doe, with her large size and more rounded body, looks something like a strange kind of mule, but it is the large ears of this animal that earned it the name of mule deer.

The mule deer may be found in western North America, anywhere from northern Mexico to central British Columbia. He hides himself from the hunter in hilly country and depends on his speed for safety. He has many natural enemies—the mountain lion, wolf and even the coyote.

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